



IT CAN'T BE!
DAREDEVIL
--IS THE *JESTER*?!



STAN LEE PRESENTS:
**"ALL MY LAURELS
YOU HAVE RIVEN AWAY.."**



HARK, HOW THE STEEL RINGS MUSICAL!
MARK HOW MY POINT FLOATS, LIGHT AS THE FOAM
READY TO DRIVE YOU BACK TO THE WALL,
THEN AS I END THE REFRAIN, THRUST HOME!

WANNA DO ME
A FAVOR AND CAN
THE POETRY?

IT'S AN
UNLIKELY
PLACE FOR
VERSE, THIS
PRISON...

STORY
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CYRANO DE BERGERAC by **EDMOND ROSTAND**
Translated by **BRIAN HOOKER**



SO MAY THE TURN OF A HAND FORESTALL
LIFE WITH ITS HONEY, DEATH WITH ITS GALL!
SO MAY THE TURN OF MY FANCY ROAM
FREE FOR A TIME, TILL THE RIMES RECALL...

SHEEZ... WHEN
THE WARDEN TALKED
ME INTO THIS
FENCING STUFF,
HE DIDN'T TELL
ME I'D HAVE TO
LISTEN TO YOU
MOUTHING OFF!



THE JESTER AIN'T DOIN'
TOO GOOD TODAY...
WITH THE POETRY
OR THE SWORD!

IT'S A LOTTA NONSENSE,
YOU ASK ME... A FENCING
PROGRAM FOR CONVICTS!

HANNIGAN'S
DOING OKAY
THOUGH.
AIN'T HE?

HANNIGAN OUGHTTA, ON THE OUT-
SIDE, HE CUT UP FOUR GUYS WITH
A SWITCHBLADE.

THE WARDEN WAS NUTS
TO LET THE JESTER TALK
HIM INTO IT.

OKAY, YOU TWO--
TIME'S UP!



I EVER SEE
YOU ONNA
STREET, I'M
GONNA SHOW
YOU HOW
IT'S DONE
FOR REAL!

REMINDE ME TO
BE SCARED LATER,
HANNIGAN.

HEY... YOU AIN'T
THE JESTER!
WHERE IS HE?

I'M NOT
EXACTLY
SURE.

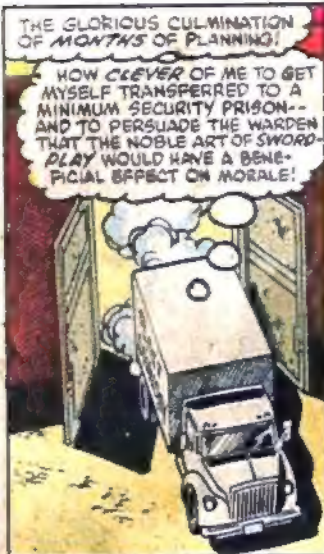
HE PAID ME FOUR CARTONS OF
CIGARETTES TO TAKE HIS PLACE...
SAID HE'D MAKE IT FIVE IF I SAID
THOSE WORDS FROM THAT PLAY
HE'S ALWAYS READING!



OUTSIDE...

LET 'IM THROUGH THE GATE. AL!

EXCELLENT!
MOST
EXCELLENT!



THE GLORIOUS CULMINATION
OF MONTHS OF PLANNING!

HOW CLEVER OF ME TO GET
MYSELF TRANSFERRED TO A
MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON--
AND TO PERSUADE THE WARDEN
THAT THE NOBLE ART OF SWORD-
PLAY WOULD HAVE A BENEFICIAL
EFFECT ON MORALE!

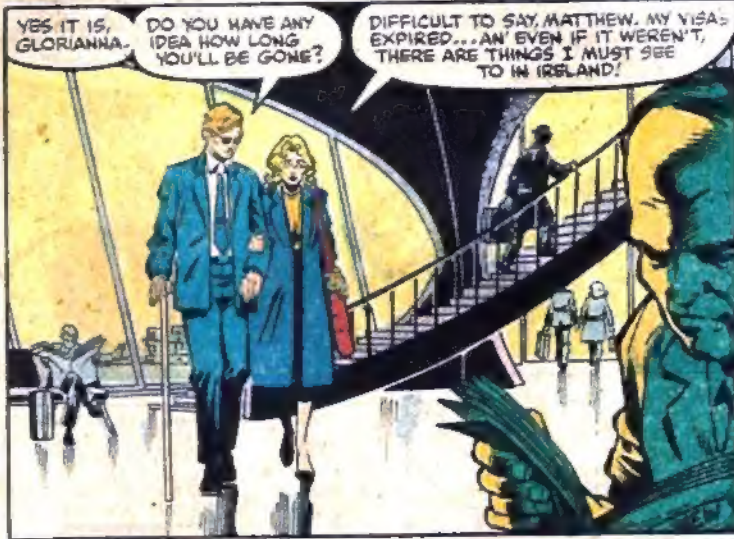


AN ESCAPE
WORTHY OF CYRANO
HIMSELF...FOR IT
LEAVES ME FREE
TO BE AS A BIRD
...TO SING, TO
FLY--!



AND, AT KENNEDY AIR-
PORT, LAWYER MATT
MURDOCK PREPARES
TO SEE THE CURRENT
LADY IN HIS LIFE OFF
TO HER NATIVE LAND...

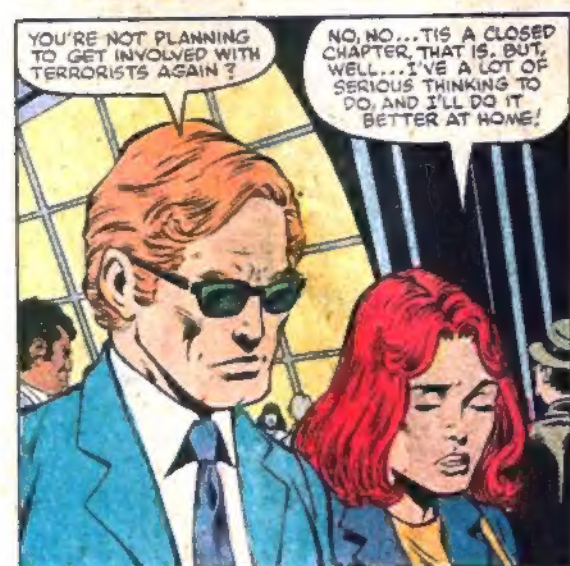
AH, TIS A
SAD MOMENT.
SN'T IT,
MATTHEW?



YES IT IS,
GLORIANNA.

DO YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW LONG
YOU'LL BE GONE?

DIFFICULT TO SAY, MATTHEW. MY VISA:
EXPIRED...AN' EVEN IF IT WEREN'T,
THERE ARE THINGS I MUST SEE
TO IN IRELAND!



YOU'RE NOT PLANNING
TO GET INVOLVED WITH
TERRORISTS AGAIN?

NO, NO...TIS A CLOSED
CHAPTER, THAT IS. BUT,
WELL...I'VE A LOT OF
SERIOUS THINKING TO
DO, AND I'LL DO IT
BETTER AT HOME!

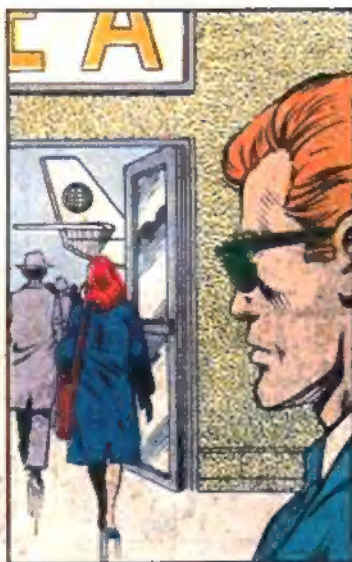


THINKING ABOUT US?

I'D BE A LIAR
IF I SAID OTHERWISE.
I'VE STRONG FEELINGS
FOR YOU...BUT I'M NOT
SURE EXACTLY WHAT
THOSE FEELINGS ARE.

LOVE...OR RESPECT...
OR JUST LIKING. I
HOPE YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND.

I'M TRYING, GLORI.
TRYING AS HARD AS I CAN!



THEN, IN FRONT OF THE TERMINAL...



HEY...LAFORGE
IS MY FARE!

GUESS AGAIN, PALLY! THE TELE-
VISION STATION SENT ME TO PICK
UP THE GREATEST ACTOR OF
MODERN TIMES.



I KNOW I'VE HEARD
IT SOMEWHERE
BEFORE.

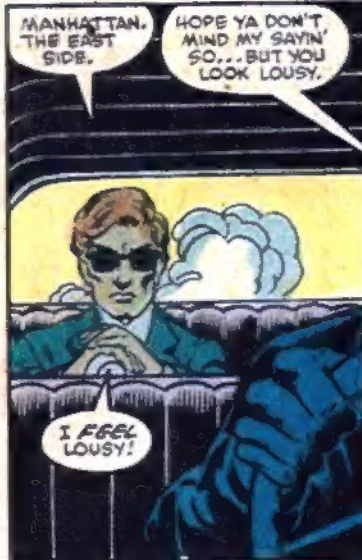


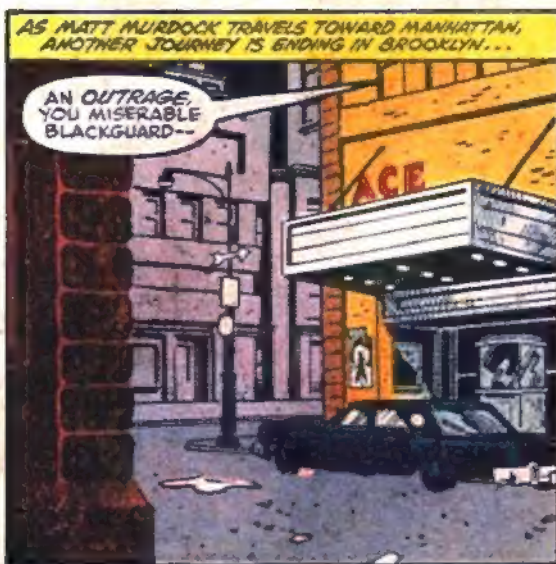
BUT I GUESS I'VE HEARD HALF
THE VOICES IN NEW YORK SOME-
WHERE BEFORE.



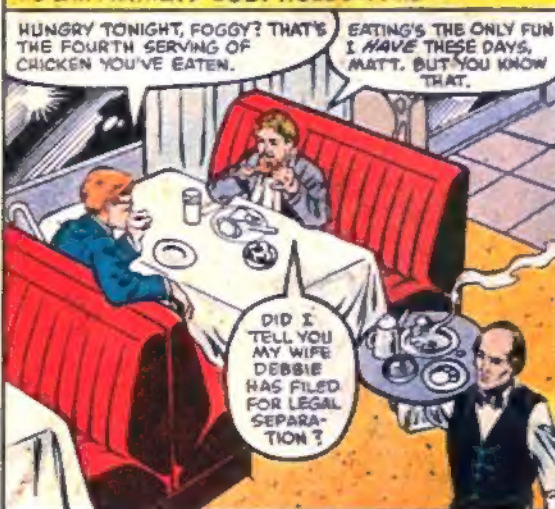
MANHATTAN,
THE EAST
SIDE.

HOPE YA DON'T
MIND MY SAYIN'
SO... BUT YOU
LOOK LOUSY.





LATER, AT A MIDTOWN CAFE, MATTHEW MURDOCK JOINS HIS LAW PARTNER FOGGY NELSON, AND--



HUNGRY TONIGHT, FOGGY? THAT'S THE FOURTH SERVING OF CHICKEN YOU'VE EATEN.

EATING'S THE ONLY FUN I HAVE THESE DAYS, MATT. BUT YOU KNOW THAT.

DID I TELL YOU MY WIFE DEBBIE HAS FILED FOR LEGAL SEPARATION?



I THOUGHT SHE WANTED YOU TO MOVE BACK IN WITH HER?

CHANGED HER MIND. I MEAN, WHEN DEB WAS... SEEING MICAH SYNN, SHE HAD A TASTE OF GLAMOR, EXCITEMENT--

MICAH PROVED TO BE A MAD-MAN!

AND I'M A DULL, FAT LAWYER.



REAL DULL. REAL FAT.

YOU CAN'T BLAME HER FOR WANTING OUT OF THE MARRIAGE.

YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO DOWN ON YOURSELF.

WHAT'S TO BE UP ABOUT?



ANOTHER THING. OUR LAW BUSINESS IS GOING TO THE DOGS AND THAT'S MY FAULT, TOO. NOBODY'LL TRUST US. IF I HADN'T LIED TO THOSE REPORTERS--

THAT'S FORGIVEN, FOGGY, SOON IT'LL BE FORGOTTEN.

ISSUE #13. BILLY



EXCUSE ME. I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT DOWNTOWN.

CATCH YOU TOMORROW, MAYBE.

BUT MATT--



...WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID?



I JUST COULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF HIS SELF-PITY...IT'S TOO MUCH LIKE MY OWN SELF-PITY!

GLORI'S LEAVING... LIKE AN ACHIE INSIDE--



FEELS LIKE I'M TRAPPED
...LIKE MY SKIN IS
TIGHTENING ON MY
BODY.
I DIDN'T REALIZE
GLORI'S LEAVING
UPSET ME THIS
MUCH!

I CAN
WALLOW
IN IT--



--OR I CAN
MOVE!
I'LL
MOVE!



I CAN SELDOM SORT MYSELF
OUT STANDING STILL! SO
EXIT MATT MURDOCK--



--AND ENTER
DAREDEVIL!



ENTER HE DOES,
SLIPPING INTO
THE CITY HE
WEARS LIKE A
GLOVE.



THEN, BODY
AND MIND
INTERACT--

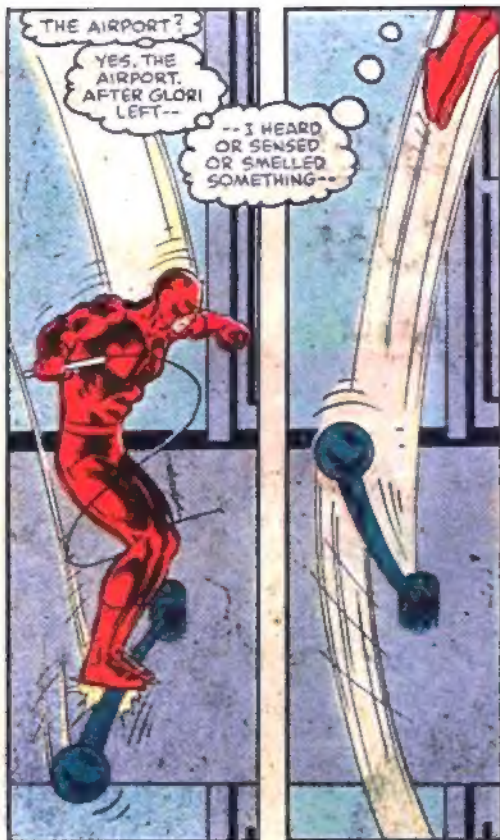
A FEW MINUTES AGO
I THOUGHT THE UNCERTAINTY OF MY
RELATIONSHIP WITH
GLORI WAS BUGGING
ME.

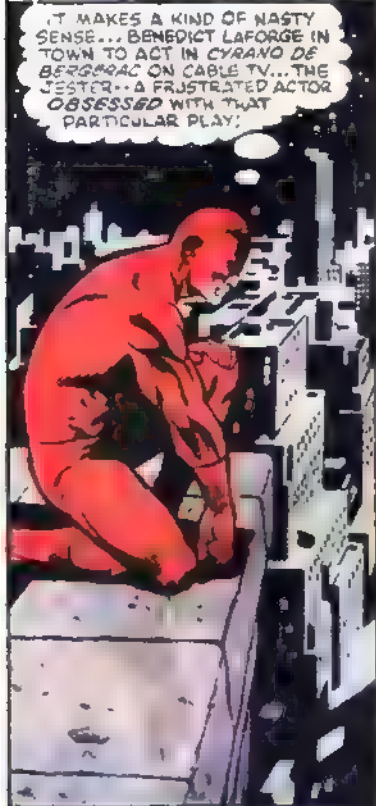
AND
IT IS!

BUT
THAT'S
NOT
ALL!

WHAT
ELSE?

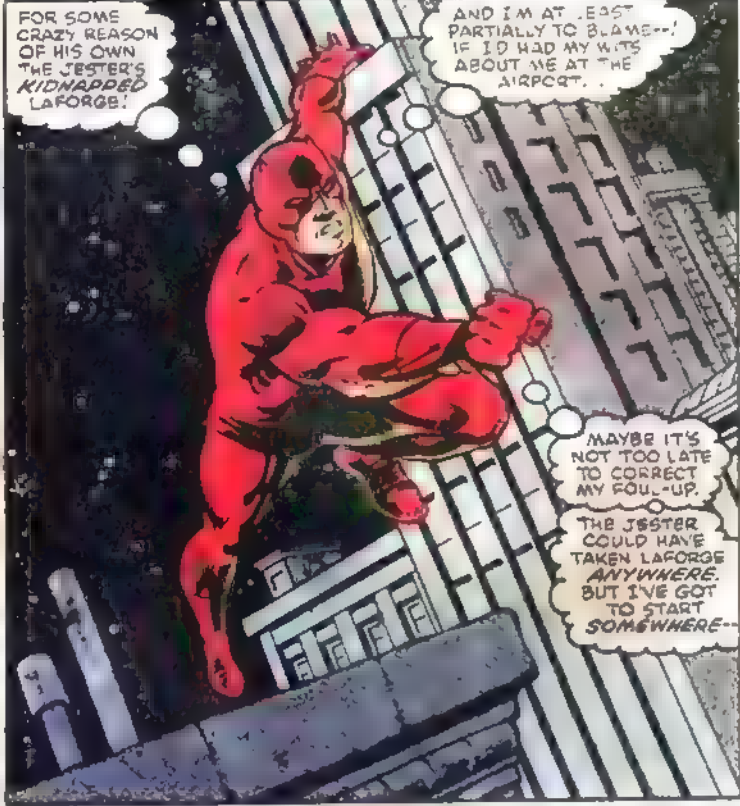
WHAT?





IT MAKES A KIND OF NASTY SENSE... BENEDICT LAFORGE IN TOWN TO ACT IN CYRANO DE BERGERAC ON CABLE TV... THE JESTER-- A FRUSTRATED ACTOR OBSESSED WITH THAT PARTICULAR PLAY:

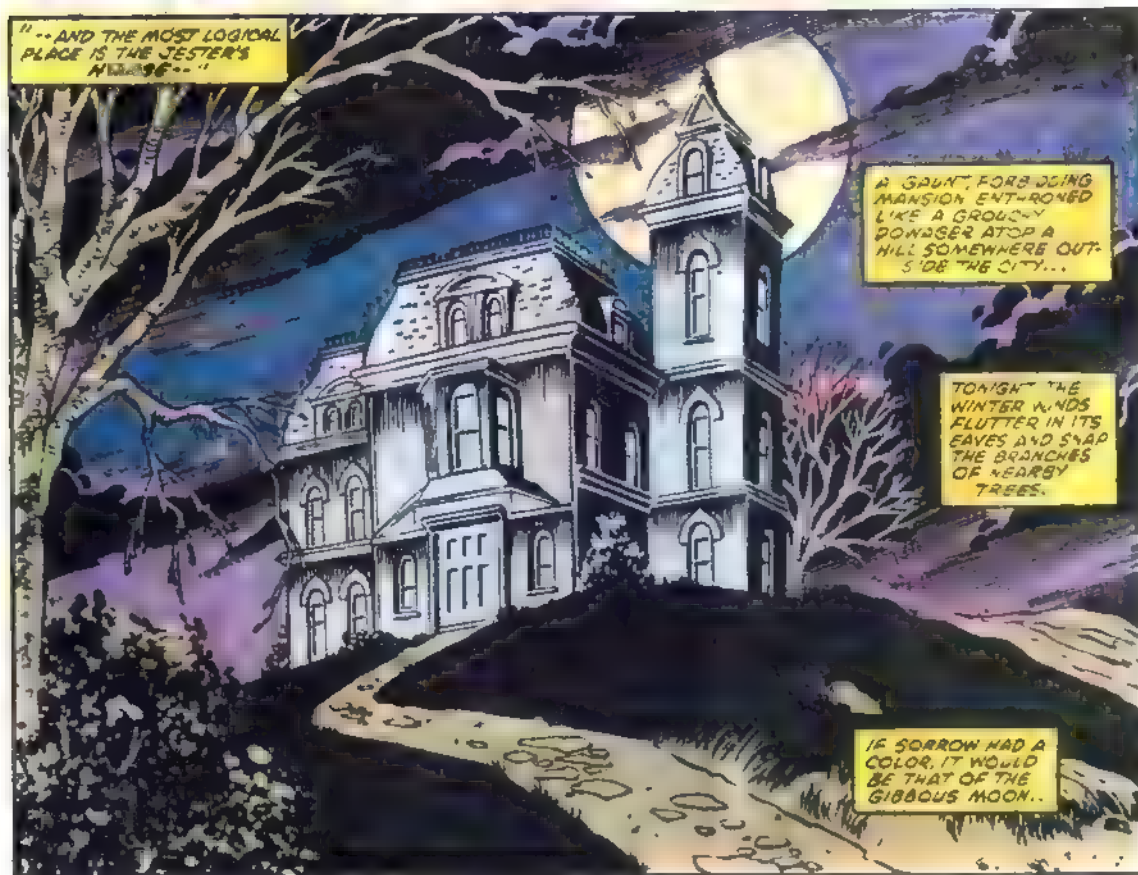
FOR SOME CRAZY REASON OF HIS OWN THE JESTER'S KIDNAPPED LAFORGE!



AND I'M AT LEAST PARTIALLY TO BLAME--! IF I'D HAD MY WITS ABOUT ME AT THE AIRPORT...

MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO CORRECT MY FOUL-UP.

THE JESTER COULD HAVE TAKEN LAFORGE ANYWHERE. BUT I'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE--



"--AND THE MOST LOGICAL PLACE IS THE JESTER'S MANSION--"

A GAUNT, FORBIDDING MANSION ENTHRONED LIKE A GROULY DOWAGER ATOP A HILL SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE THE CITY...

TONIGHT THE WINTER WINDS FLUTTER IN ITS EAVES AND SNAP THE BRANCHES OF NEARBY TREES.

IF SORROW HAD A COLOR, IT WOULD BE THAT OF THE GIBBOUS MOON..

FAR AWAY A CLOCK STRIKES MID-NIGHT AS BARRELL ENTERS--

SMELL OF LEATHER, GUN OIL, FINGERPRINT POWDER. THE POLICE HAVE A READY BEEN HERE.

THEY MUST KNOW THE JESTER'S ON THE LOOSE--

--HAVEN'T RELEASED THE NEWS YET.

BUT THEY DEPEND ALMOST ENTIRELY ON SIGHT. SO THEY MAY HAVE MISSED SOMETHING.

IT WON'T DO ANY HARM FOR ME TO GIVE THE PLACE A QUICK ONCE OVER.

WALLS SEEM TOO CLOSE TO EACH OTHER, CONSIDERING THE HOUSE'S EXTERIOR DIMENSIONS.

THAT COULD MEAN--

SECRET PASSAGEWAYS...?

SOUND OF WOOD SCRAPING AGAINST WOOD--

HE HAS BEEN ALIVE FOR YEARS. AT MOMENTS LIKE THESE, THAT IS NOT A SURPRISE.

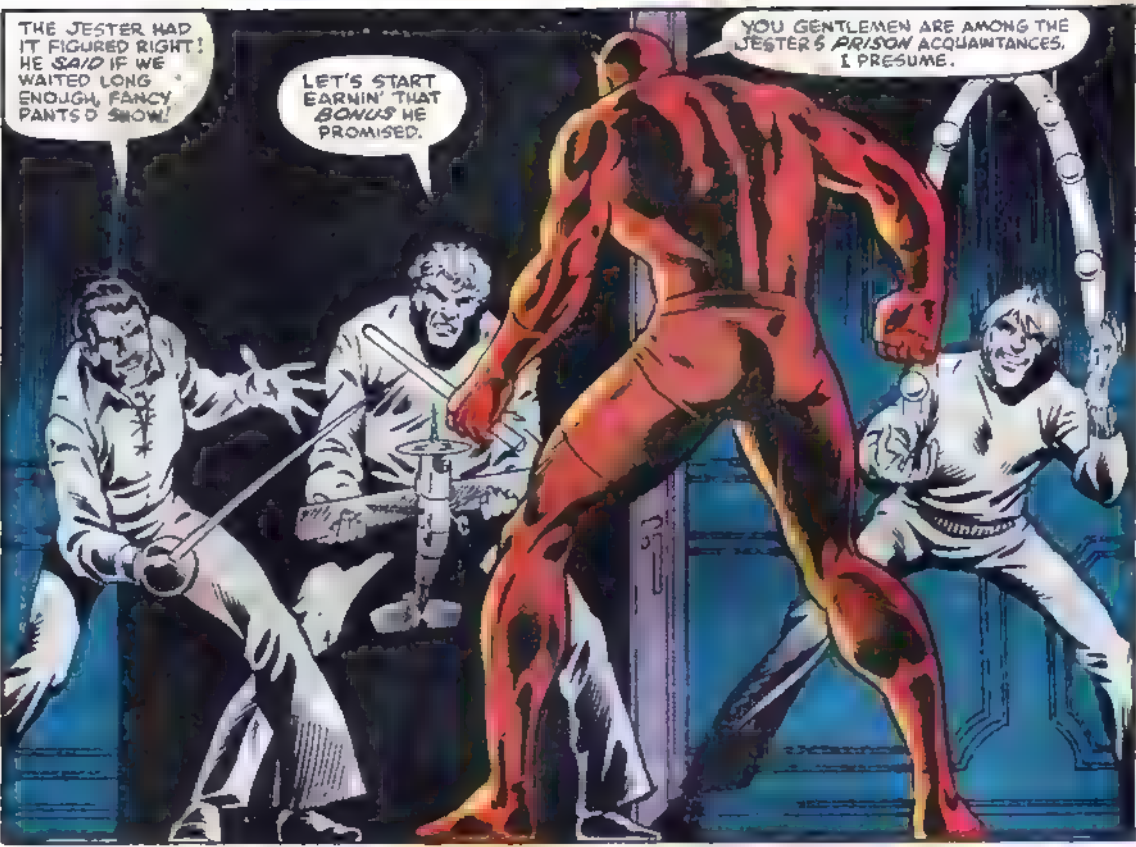
--OBJECTS HURLED TOWARD ME--

FEAR

THE JESTER HAD
IT FIGURED RIGHT!
HE SAID IF WE
WAITED LONG
ENOUGH, FANCY
PANTS'D SHOW!

LET'S START
EARNIN' THAT
BONUS HE
PROMISED.

YOU GENTLEMEN ARE AMONG THE
JESTER'S PRISON ACQUAINTANCES,
I PRESUME.



HE HAS BEEN SIGHTLESS SINCE
A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT, BUT
HIS REMAINING SENSES ARE
TRAINED TO PERFECTION
AND HIS PHYSIQUE IS FULLY
DEVELOPED.

THE STEEL
MISSES.

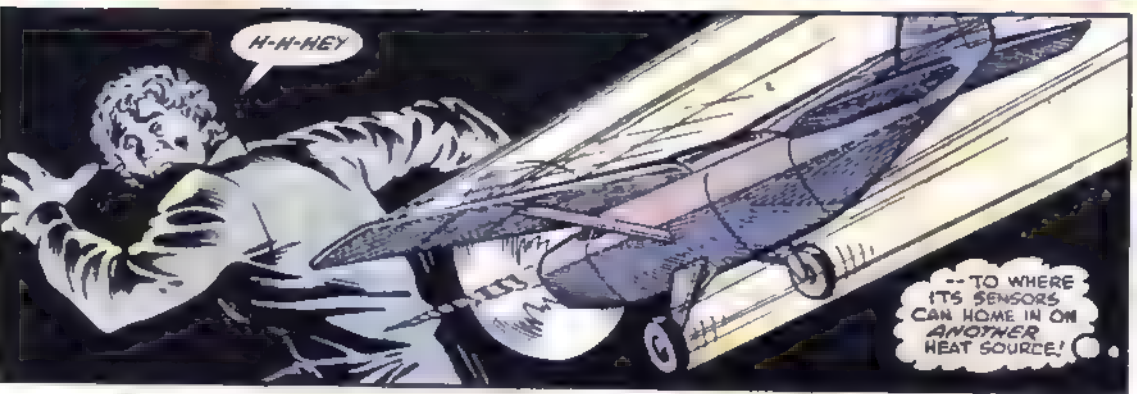
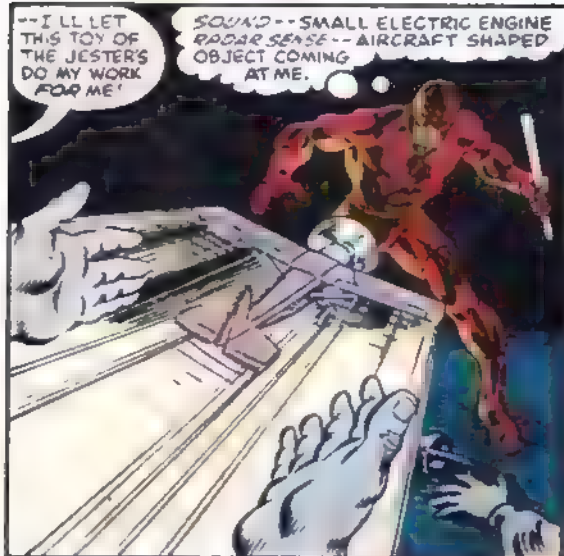


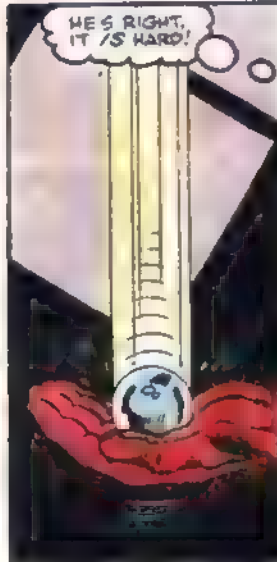
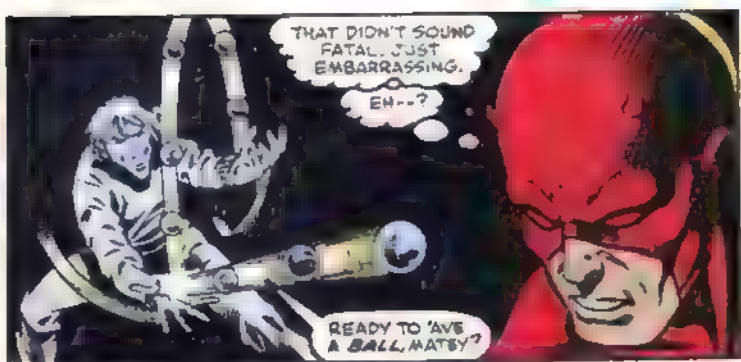
HE DOES NOT.



SLICK... FAST... NEAT
I HEARD YOU WAS
HANDY.

WELL I
AIN'T GONNA
MAKE THE MISTAKE
OF GETTIN' NEAR
YA! I DON'T
HAVA'TA--







THEN-- I MIGHT TELL THE POLICE WHERE YOU ARE, OR I MIGHT NOT. COULD BE WEEKS BEFORE YOU'RE FOUND!

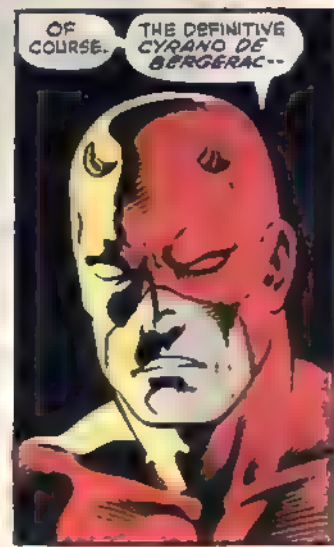
WANT TO TALK TO ME? ABOUT THE JESTER?

NO SENSE THREATENIN' US MASKED MAN, 'CAUSE WE GOT NOTHIN' TO GIVE YA!

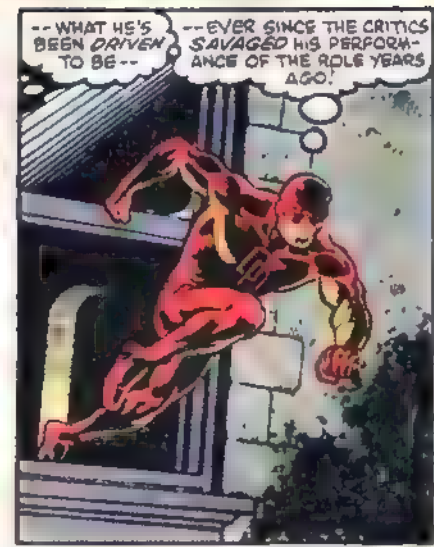
ALL HE SAID WAS THAT HE WAS GONNA SHOW THE WORLD...THE CRITICS--



--GONNA BE THE DEFINITIVE SOMEBODY-OR-OTHER!

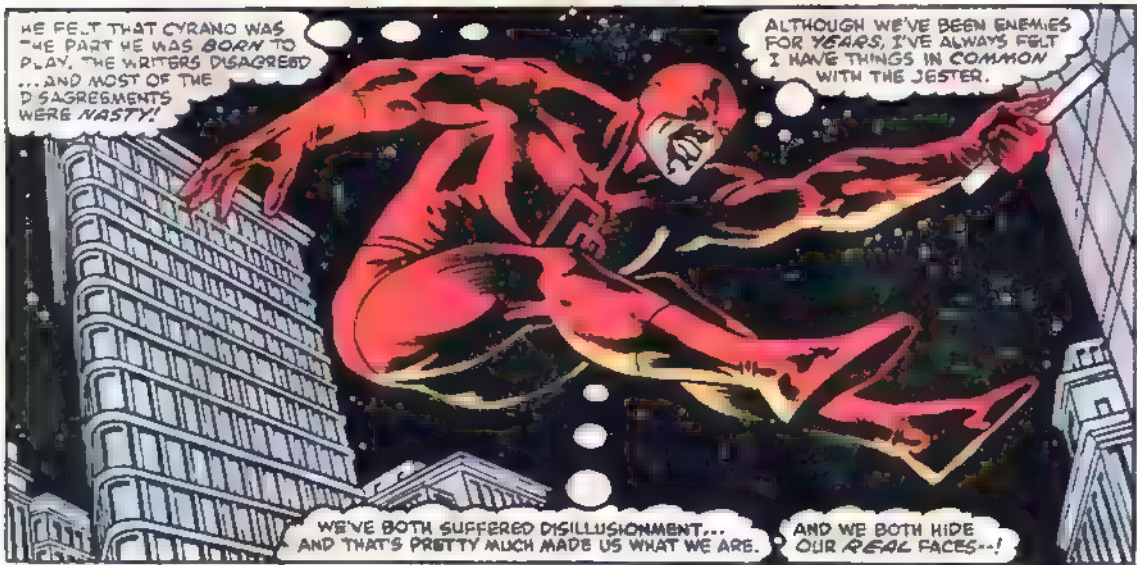


OF COURSE... THE DEFINITIVE CYRANO DE BERGERAC--



--WHAT HE'S BEEN DRIVEN TO BE--

--EVER SINCE THE CRITICS SAVAGED HIS PERFORMANCE OF THE ROLE YEARS AGO!



HE FELT THAT CYRANO WAS THE PART HE WAS BORN TO PLAY. THE WRITERS DISAGREED...AND MOST OF THE DISAGREEMENTS WERE NASTY!

ALTHOUGH WE'VE BEEN ENEMIES FOR YEARS, I'VE ALWAYS FELT I HAVE THINGS IN COMMON WITH THE JESTER.

WE'VE BOTH SUFFERED DISILLUSIONMENT... AND THAT'S PRETTY MUCH MADE US WHAT WE ARE.

AND WE BOTH HIDE OUR REAL FACES--!

I DO NOT DRESS UP LIKE A POPIN'RAY,
BUT INWARDLY, I KEEP MY DAIN'TINESS
I DO NOT BEAR WITH ME, BY ANY CHANCE
AN INSULT NOT YET WASHED AWAY--



THAT'S THE
JESTER!



A CONSCIENCE YELLOW WITH
UNBURGED SILE-- AN HONOR
FRAYED TO RAGS, A SET OF
SCRUPLES BADLY WORN, I GO
CAPARISHED IN GEMS UNSEEN

TRAILING WHITE FLAMES
OF FREEDOM



THAT'S NOT
LAFORGE, BUT
WHOMEVER HE IS
HE'S GOOD

BETTER THAN
GOOD! THE
GUYS--

BRILLIANT!

I'VE NEVER HEARD
ACTING OF SUCH
RAW POWER!



IF I STOPPED HIM, I'D BE PUNISH-
ING THE AUDIENCE...DEPRIVING
THEM OF A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME
EXPERIENCE.

THE JESTER WON'T
GO ANYWHERE TILL
AFTER THE SHOW.
I'LL NAB HIM THEN.



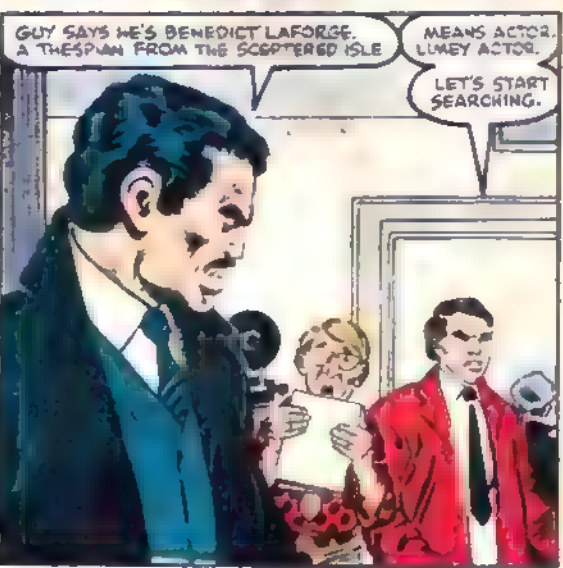
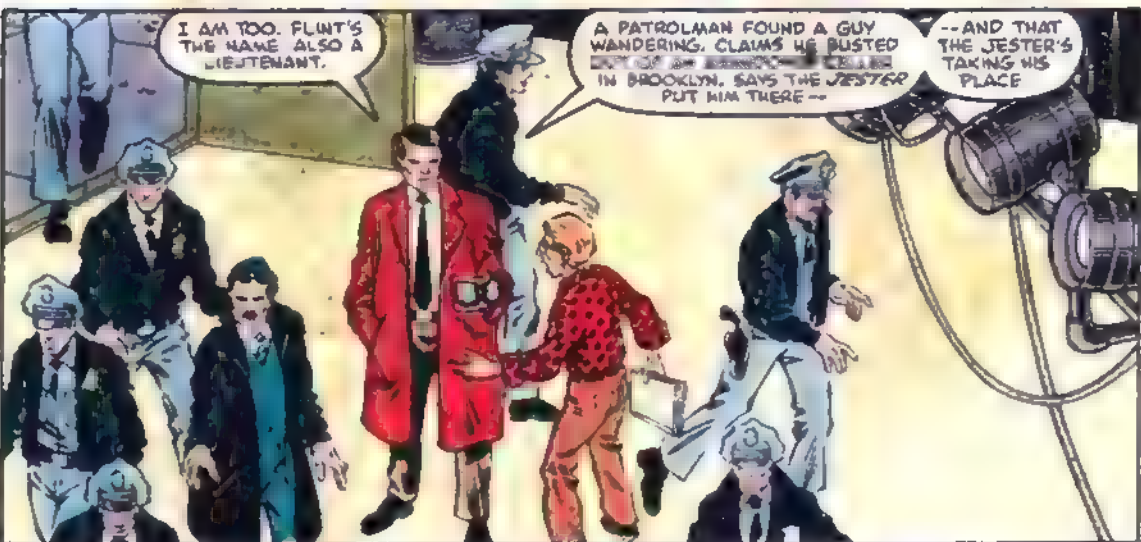
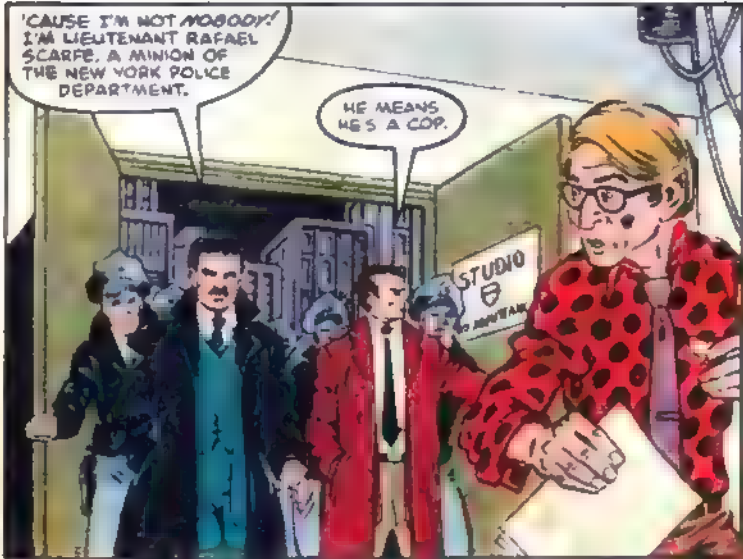
MY FRIEND,
I HAVE MY
BITTER
DAYS--

KNOWING
MYSELF SO
UGLY, SO
ALONE

A HEAP OF
CLOTHING IN THE
CORNER...WITH
THE JESTER'S
ODOR ON IT!



HIS
COSTUME?



WHA, FELLAS! COME
TO VISIT ME?

HEE HEE
HEE

IT'S NOT EVEN MY
BIRTHDAY!

BUT I'LL PLAY WITH
YOU ANYWAY.

PLAY TAG WITH
ME IF YOU'RE
SWIFT.

'CAUSE IF
YOU DON'T I'LL
BE MIFFED.

THE
VERSE
STINKS.

SO DOES
HE.
GET
HIM!





C'MON, FUZZIE-WUZZIES... CATCH ME!

GEMAN...RABINOWITZ ...CIRCLE AROUND THE OTHER WAY--



BLOCK ALL THE EXITS!



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO? SEEK THE PATRONAGE OF SOME GREAT MAN AND LIKE A VINE ON A TALL TREE CRAWL UPWARD WHERE I CANNOT STAND ALONE?

FROM THE EXPRESSION ON THAT ENGINEER'S FACE, THE PERFORMANCE IS STILL GREAT.

I'VE SUDDENLY REALIZED... I'M ENJOYING THIS!



WHERE'D HE GO?

IF THAT BOZO'S ESCAPED--



FUZZIE-WUZZIE, YOU MEAN OL' BEAR COME AND NAB ME IF YOU DARE!



AND TONIGHT WHEN I ENTER BEFORE GOD, MY SALUTE SHALL SWEEP ALL THE STARS AWAY FROM THE BLUE THRESHOLD! ONE THING, WITHOUT STAIN, UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD, IN SPITE OF DOOM MINE OWN--!

FREEZE!

ONE MOVE
AND YOU'RE
HISTORY!

TAKE
IT EASY,
FELLAS.

I'M NOT TRYING
ANYTHING CUTE...

...JUST REMOVING
MY MASK...

... ONE OF MY MASKS.
DAREDEVIL!

YOU GOT
A LOTTA
EXPLAINING
TO DO,
MISTER!

AND I'LL BE GLAD TO DO IT, LIEUTENANT.

ALLOW ME THAT
HONOR, MY OLD BOB!



A MOMENT AGO, YOU UNMASKED. NOW I SHALL PERFORM A SIMILAR GESTURE...

I AM, YOUR HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT--



--THE JESTER!
AT YOUR SERVICE!



YOU DESERVE THE BOW, YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT.

INDEED!

I TRUST THE CRITICS WILL CHANGE THEIR TUNE.



OKAY, DAREDEVIL... WHY? WHY'D YOU PLAY GAMES WITH US?

BECAUSE IF I HADN'T, YOU'D HAVE CLOSED HIS SHOW. THERE WAS NO NEED... HE WASN'T GOING ANYWHERE.

BESIDES, I FELT I OWED HIS PERFORMANCE TO THE MILLIONS WATCHING IT--



-- TO THE JESTER HIMSELF... NOW THAT HE'S ACCOMPLISHED HIS DREAM, HE MAY NOT NEED CRIME.

AND MAYBE I OWED IT TO MYSELF.

DRAW THE CURTAIN, GENTLEMEN, THE DRAMA IS DONE.

END